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International Writing Program Archive of Residents' Work

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## Writing Sample

Asim Mohamed Al Saidi

Includes "Eternity," "A woman's dream," "A face," and "Prayer."

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## Eternity

We travel

In the center of a wave

Shattered by beginnings

Hide what our beloved once

Have stolen from tears

Of people mourning their beloved ones

To shed them at the height

Of our madness

And when the waves

Scatter us on the rocks

Of our defeats.

He narrow zigzagging lanes

Have shared our steps:

Caves are engulfing us

With madness

Graves with skulls.

**Don't** we have to step back

For a final adieu

To Embalm the memories

Insult those lanes

Encompassing our dreams

With amulets

**Pick up** what our beloved ones

Have stolen of tears

And leave

In the middle of darkness

**Asim Mohamed Al-Saidy**

**Translated by: Mamoun Al-Baqir**

أزلّ

نسافر

في موجةٍ شردها البداياتُ

نخبئُ ما سرقة حبيبائنا من دموع

المآتم

لندرفها حين نبلغ أقصى الجنون

و حين يحطمنا الموجُ

فوق صخور الهزائم.

تقاسمتُ الطرقاتُ خطانا:

كهوفٌ تحاصرنا بالجنون

قبورٌ تحاصرنا بالجماجم.

أليسَ لنا أن نعودَ قليلاً

لنلقي الوداع الأخير

نحنط ذاكرة الحب.. نشتم تلك

الدروبِ

نُحوط أحلامنا بالتمائم

و نحملُ

ما سرقة حبيبائنا

من دموع المآتم.

## A woman's dream

I' am just unaware  
From the cradle of myth  
He came  
From the darkness of suspicions  
He came  
A flood of rejections  
He came  
A typhoon of chaos  
He came  
And a history of lunacy  
-History and geography books  
Have demolished me-  
And went to set my jungles ablaze  
Devastating my veins  
.Transforming my days  
into exiles and detention camps.  
What a sickening face  
A cold metallic face  
The has colonized my trace  
Laid a blanket of insomnia  
On my cities  
And fixed a world of spying eyes  
On my stolen beaches  
What arid Bedouin face  
That determined to settle  
In my very desert  
A pouring torrential rain  
And cram an embryo  
Into my womb

حلمُ امرأة  
لست أدري  
جاء من مهد الأساطير و من  
ليل الظنون  
جاء طوفاناً من الرفض  
و إعصاراً من الفوضى  
و تاريخ جنون  
-"طردتني كتب التاريخ و  
الجغرافيا"  
... و مضى يُشعلُ غاباتي و  
يجتاحُ دمي  
و مضى يزرع أيامي منافي و  
سجون.  
أي وجهٍ معدني سئم  
جاء و استعمرَ تاريخي  
و غطى مُدني سُهداً و شطاني  
عيون.  
أي وجهٍ بدوي قاحلٍ  
جاء و استعمر صحرائي  
تهطالاً  
و أحشائي جنين  
لست أدري..  
أنه لعنتي الأولى...

I am just unaware  
He is my eternal curse  
On his face  
Is a book of prophecies  
On his glances  
Rests  
A detained God  
I am just unaware  
He is the reverberation  
Of eternal rapture  
The dream spread  
By remembrance  
Concealed by passing years

**Asim Mohamed Al-Saidy**  
**Translated by: Mamoun Al-Baqir**

على وجهه سِفْرُ نبوءاتٍ  
و في أحداقِهِ ربُّ سجين.  
لست أدري،  
هو رَجْعُ اللذة الأولى... هو  
الحلم الذي  
تنشرُهُ الذكرى  
و تطويه السنين.

## **A face**

At the threshold of childhood  
Threshold obliterated by passing years  
In school books  
And the wreckage of hymns  
The fatigued teachers  
Amid the dust of chalk  
Covering the classroom seats  
School books devastated by yearning  
Hiding pupils' faces  
In a room that drowned it's colors  
In seas of ink  
On streets not leading to my place  
And between the holly verses that  
Have failed to lit a prison  
In whatever you can imagine  
From whatever you can imagine  
The face jumps  
To steal my impotent steps  
My childhood  
Swingers and hearty laughs  
Faces I used to embrace  
And deliberately  
Squeezes my soul  
Into caves of solitude

**Asim Mohamed Al-Saidy**

**Translated by: Mamoun Al-Baqir**

## **Prayer**

In the times of blind philosophy  
Questions that are just empty  
Times of dump prophecy  
Ambiguous and altered hollow verses  
I have lost the blood  
In my veins  
It has failed to locate  
Your whereabouts  
You, creator of  
Spurious goddesses

**Asim Mohamed Al-Saidy**

**Translated by: Mamoun Al-Baqir**